

THE
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LOUSIAD.

AN
HEROIC-COMIC POEM.

CANTO II.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

“ — *Qualis ab Incepto.*” HORACE,

“ As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and *ever shall* be, World
without End.”

D U B L I N :

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L O U I S I A N A

HEROIC FORM



CANTON

BY PETER FINDER, Esq.

"—Oath of Office—"
HONORABLE

"As it was in the beginning, it now, and ever shall be, World
without End."

D U R A N

Printed by R. DURN, No. 106, Canton-Street

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[T H E]

A R G U M E N T.

INVOCATION to the Muses—Degeneracy of modern Poets—The ragged State of the Ladies of Parnassus—Sad Condition of Bards—Praise of Mr. West's great Picture of King Alexander and the Stag—More Invocation to the Muses—The Tricks of those Ladies—Their Impositions on Poets and Poetesses—A Compliment to King George and Dr. Herschell on their Intimacy with the Moon, and important Discoveries in that Planet—Invocation to Apollo—Invocation to Conscience—Conscience described—The great Powers of Conscience—More Invocation to Conscience—Truth and Falsehood, their Situations—More Invocation to Conscience—The Praise of Royal Oeconomy and a Hanoverian College—Address to Gottingen—More Invocation to Conscience—Mr. Hastings's Bulse, Mrs. Hastings's Bed and Cradle properly treated—More Words to Conscience—The fatal Power of Conscience over the late Mr. Yorke and Lord Clive—Address to Fame—A Request to the aforesaid Gentlewoman, instructing

her how to dispose of some of her Trumpets—Description of her Psuedo-Votaries—The Bard blushing for the Quantity of Invocation—Procession of his Epic Poem—Madam Swellenberg described with a Plate of Ham—Account of her Birth, Parentage, and Education—Account of Pride—Madam Swellenberg's Visit to the King—His Majesty's most gracious Speech—Madam Swellenberg's Answer—Address to Readers on Ladies' swearing—Sir Francis Drake, the Steward of the Household, described—not to be confounded with the famous Sir Francis Drake, who died near 200 Years ago—The Perquisites of the present Sir Francis—Description of the Dining Room belonging to the Cooks at Buckingham-House—The Entertainment and Utensils of this Room—Dixon, the Cook-Major's Speech—Story of a Nabob and a Beggar—Cook-Major Dixon's Speech in continuance—Speech of another Cook—The Cooks in the Dumps—The Cook-Major's Rejoinder to the Cook's Speech—A very sensible Speech—Conclusion with a beautiful Simile—The Petition of the Cooks.



T H E
L O U S I A D.

CANTO THE SECOND.

NYMPHS of the sacred fount, around whose
brink

Bards rush in droves, like cart horses to drink;
Dip their dark beards amidst your streams so clear,
And whilst they gulp it, with it ale or beer;
Far more delighted to possess, I ween,
Old Calvert's brewhouse for their Hippocrene;
And blest with beef, their ghostly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chophouse their Aonian hill,
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the NINE,

Assist

Assist me—ye who themes sublime pursue,
 With scarce a shift, a stocking, or a shoe,
 Such pow'r have satires, epigrams, and odes,
 As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods
 As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail
 Their unsuccessful madrigals in jail,
 Where penn'd, like hapless cuckows, in a cage,
 The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage;
 Deck the damp walls with verse of various qua-
 lity,
 And, from their prisons, mount to immortality.

Ah! tell me, where is now thy blush, O SHAME!
 Shall bards thro' *jails* explore the road to Fame;
 Like souls of Papists in their way to glory,
 Doom'd at the half-way house, call'd Purgatory,
 To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
 Like old tobacco pipes, from black to white?
 Yet let me say again, that pow'rful rhyme
 Hath lifted poets to a state sublime;
 To lofty pill'ries rais'd their sacred ears
 High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
 Whose eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
 Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops:

Blest



Blest State! that gives each fair exalted mien,
 To grace in print each monthly magazine;
 And deck the shops with sweet engravings drest,
 'Midst angels, finners, saints of Mr. WEST;
 Where brave King ALEXANDER and the DEER,
 A noble, bustling hodge-podge shall appear
 From that fam'd * picture which our wonder drew,
 And pour'd its brazen splendors on the view;
 Bright as the pictures that with glorious glare,
 On penthouse high, in Piccadilly stare,
 Where lions seem to roar, and tygers groud,
 Hyenas whine, and wolves in concert howl;
 And by their goggling eyes and furious grin,
 Inform what shaggy devils lodge within.

Ye NYMPHS who, fond of fun, full many a
 time,
 Mount on a jack-ass many a child of rhyme,
 And make him think, astride his braying hack,
 He moves sublime on Pegasus's back:
 Ye MUSES, oft by brainless poets sought
 To bid the stanza chime and swell with thought;

* A whole acre of canvass so daub'd by colour as to give
 it the appearance of a brass foundery.

Who,

Who, whelping for OBLIVION, fain would save
 Their whining puppies from the fullen wave ;
 Assist me!--ye who visit towns and hovels,
 To teach our girls in bibs to eke out novels,
 And treat with scorn (far *nobler* knowledge study-
 ing)

The humble art of making pye or pudding :
 Who make our Sapphos of their verses vain,
 And fancy all Parnassus in their brain ;
 And 'midst the bustle of their lucubrations,
 Take downright madness for your inspirations ;
 Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
 Who taste a rapture equal, GEORGE, to thine ;
 When blest at DATCHET, thro' thy HERSCHELL'S
 glafs,

That brings from distant worlds a horse, an ass,
 A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,
 Shirts, stockings, blankets, that on hedges dry ;
 Thine eyes, at evenings late and mornings soon,
 Unfated feast on wonders in the moon ;
 Where Herschell on volcanoes, mountains, pores,
 And happy Nature's true sublime explores ;
 Whilst thou so modest (wonderful to tell !)
 On LUNAR trifles are content to dwell,

Flies,

Flies, grasshoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckow spit,
 In short, delighted with the world of *little*,
 Which West shall paint, and grave Sir Joseph
 Banks
 Receive from thy historic mouth with thanks;
 Then bid the vermin on the journals * crawl,
 Hop, jump, and flutter, to amuse us all,

And thou, great PATRON † of the double
 — quill,
 That slays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,
 A pretty kind of double-barrel'd gun,
 More giv'n to tragedy than comic fun:
 Auspicious PATRON of the paunch, and backs
 Of those all-daring rascals christ'ned quacks,
 To whom our purse and lives are legal plunder,
 Who, hawk-like, keep the human species under:

GOD of those gentlemen of gingling brains,
 Who, for *their own amusement*, print their strains,

* Of the Royal Society.

† Apollo.

B

O aid,

O aid, as lofty Homer says, my *nous*,
To sing sublime the Monarch and the Louse!

Nymphs, Phoebus, in my *first* heroic chapter
I should have pray'd for crumbs of tuneful rap-
ture:

Thus to forget my friends was not so clever;
But, says the proverb, "better late than never."

Well! since I'm in the invocation trade,
To *Conscience* let my compliments be paid——

CONSCIENCE, a terrifying little sprite,
That, bat-like, winks by day and wakes by night;
Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking
vice,

As sharp as weasels hunting eggs or mice;—
Who, when the light'nings flash, and thunders
crack,

Makes our hair bristle like a hedge-hog's back;
Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commo-
tion;

Uplifts our faint-like eyes with dread devotion:

Bids

Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with
Heav'n,

And promise miracles to be forgiv'n:

Bids spectres rise, not very like the Graces,

With gogling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn
faces;

With scenes of fires of glowing brimstone scares,

Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares

For roasting, broiling, frying, fricasseeing,

The SOUL, that sad offending little *Being*:

That stubborn stuff of salamander make,

Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O CONSCIENCE! thou strait jacket of the soul,

The madding fallies of the bard control;

Who, when inclin'd, like brother bards, to lie,

Bring TRUTH's neglected form before his eye,

Fair MAID! to towns and courts a stranger grown,

And now to rural swains almost unknown,

Whose company was once their prudent choice;

Who once delighted, list'ned to her voice;

When in their hearts the gentler passion strove,

And CONSTANCY went hand in hand with LOVE.

Sweet TRUTH, who steals through lonely shades
along,

And mingles with the turtle's note her song;
Whilst FALSEHOOD, rais'd by sycophantic tricks,
Unblushing flaunts it in a coach and fix.

CONSCIENCE, who bid'st our Monarch from
the nation,

Send sons to Gottingen for education,
Since hapless CAM and Isis, lost to knowledge,
Are ideots to this Hanoverian college,
Where simple Science beams with orient ray;
The great, the glorious ATHENS of the day!
So says the RULER of us English fools,
Who cannot judge like *him* of WISDOM's schools.

Dear attic Gottingen! to thee I bow,
Of Knowledge, O most wonderful milch cow!
From whom huge pails the royal boys shall bring,
And give, we hope, a little to the ——
Through Thee, besides the knowledge they may
reap,

The lads shall get their board and lodging cheap;

And

And learn, like their good parents, to subsist
Within the limits of the Civil List;
Who seldom bid a Minister implore
A little farther pittance for the *poor*.

CONSCIENCE! who to the wonder of his SIRE,
Bad'ft from his wonted state a PRINCE retire,
And, like a subject, humbly seek the shade,
That not a tradesman might remain unpaid:
An action that the soul of ENVY stings---
A deed unmention'd in the book of KINGS:

CONSCIENCE! who mad'ft a Monarch by thy
pow'r,
Send pris'ner the fam'd * Di'mond to the Tow'r;
So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
And impudently fought to bribe his GRACE:
Where too the cradle and the bed shall rest,
That on the same damn'd errand left the East—
Thus fall of gems and pearl, the treas'nous tribe,
And beds and cradles that would MONARCHS
bribe!

* Such is the story of the late sly Bulse that stole into
St. James's.

CON.

CONSCIENCE! who mak'st our King (how very
strange!)

Keep a fair drawer of half-pence to give change:
Resolv'd, (so strictly in his dealings true)
That none shall keep from CÆSAR, CÆSAR's due.

CONSCIENCE! who now can'st, like a cart-
horse, draw,

Now lifeless sinking, scarcely lift a straw:
So different are thy pow'rs at diff'rent times,
Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes!
Thou! who at times can'st like a lion roar
For one poor sixpence, yet, like NORTH, can'st
snore,

Tho' rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
And raging Hell with all his horrors rise:
Whole eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,
Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blast* a name.

O CONSCIENCE! who didst bid to madness
work,

(So great thy pow'r) the brain of hapless YORKE,

And

And mad'ſt him cut from ear to ear his throat,
 That luckleſs ſpoil'd his patriotic note;
 Yet wanted'ſt ſtrength to force from *his* hard eye
 One drop—who *help'd* him to yon ſpangled ſky;
 Whoſe damn'd pray'rs, feign'd tears, and tongue
 of art,

Won on the weakneſs of his honeſt heart!
 Poor YORKE! without a ſtone, whoſe reliques lie,
 Tho' VIRTUE mark'd the murder with a ſigh!

O CONSCIENCE! who to CLIVE did'ſt give the
 knife

That, deſp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life;
 Who, lawleſs plund'rer, in his wild career,
 Whelm'd ASIA's eye with woe, and heart with fear;
 Whoſe wheels on carnage roll'd, and drench'd
 with blood,

From grasping Nature forc'd the bluſhing flood;
 Whilſt HAVOCK, panting with triumphant breath,
 Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.

And now to thee, O lovely FAME, I bend;
 Let all thy trumpets this great work commend:
 Give one a piece to all the learn'd Reviews,
 And bid them ſound the labour's of the Muſe:

Give

Give to the magazines a trumpet each,
 And let the swelling note to doomsday reach :
 To daily newspapers a trumpet give :
 Thus shall my epic strain for ever live :
 Thus shall my book descend to distant times,
 And rapt posterity resound my rhymes.
 By future BEAUTIES shall each tome be prest,
 And, like their lapdogs, live a parlour guest.

Thee, dearest FAME, some mercenaries hail,
 Merely to gain their labours a good sale ;
 Or rise to fair preferment by thy tongue,
 Tho' deaf as adders to thy charms of song :
 Just as the hypocrites say pray'rs, sing psalms,
 Bestow upon the blind, and cripple, alms ;
 Yield glory to the Pow'r who rules above,
 Not from a principle of heav'nly love,
 But, sneaking rascals, to obtain—when dead—
 A comfortable lodging over head,
 When forc'd by age, or doctors, or their spouses,
 The vagrants quit their sublunary houses.

With

With tiresome invocation having done,
 At length our glorious Epic may go on—
 Lo! Madam SWELLENBERG, inclin'd to *cram*,
 Was wond'rous busy o'er a plate of ham:
 A ham that once adorn'd a German pig,
 Rough as a bear, and as a jack-ass big;
 In woods of *Westphaly* by hunters smitten,
 And sent a present to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muses, say
 Somewhat of Madam SWELLENBERG, I pray:
 If antient poets mention but a horse,
 We read his genealogy of course:
 O say, shall horses boast the deathless line,
 And o'er a *Lady's* lineage sleep the Nine?

By virtue of her father and her mother,
 This woman saw the light without much pother;
 That is—no grand commotions shook our earth—
 Apollo danc'd no hornpipe at her birth,
 To say to what perfection she was born:
 What wit, what wisdom should the nymph adorn:
 No bees around her lips in clusters hung,
 To tell the future sweetness of her tongue:

Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove,
 To mark the soul of innocence and love:
 No smiling Cupids round her cradle play'd,
 To show the future conquests of the maid;
 Whose charms would make the jealous sex her
 foes,

And with their light'nings blast a thousand beaus.
 Indeed, the Muse must own a trifling pother
 Sprung up between the father and the mother;
 For, after taking methods how to gain her,
 They knew not how the devil to maintain her.

Heav'ns! what no prodigy attend *her* birth,
 Who awes the greatest palace upon earth?
 Yes!—a black cat around the bantling squawl'd,
 Join'd its young cries, and all the house appall'd,
 Now here, now there, he sprung with visage wild,
 And made a bold attempt to kiss the child:
 Bats pour'd in hideous hosts into the room,
 And, imp-like, flitting, form'd a sudden gloom;
 Then to the cradle rush'd the dark'ning throng,
 And raptur'd shriek'd congratulating song;
 Which song, in concert with the squawls of puss,
 Seem'd, in plain German, "*Thou art one of us.*"

In

In Strelitz first this dame the light espy'd,
 Born to a good inheritance of pride;
 For howe'er paradoxical it be,
 PRIDE pigs with people of a *low* degree,
 As well as with your folks of fortune, struts;
 Like rats that live in palaces or huts;
 Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
 That dwell in beds of straw, or beds of state;
 Or monkies vile, whose tooth inglorious grapples,
 Now with Ananas, now with rotten apples.
 Hail PROTEUS PRIDE, whose various pow'rs of
 throat

Can swell the trumpet's loud and faucy note;
 And if a meaner air can serve thy turn,
 In panting, quiv'ring sounds of Jews harps, mourn!
 Hail, PRIDE, companion of the great and little,
 So abject who can't lick a patron's spittle;
 Whine like a sneaking puppy at his door,
 And turn the hind part of thy wig before;
 Nay, if he orders, turn it inside out,
 And wear it, Merry Andrew like, about;
 Heed not the grinning world a single rush,
 But bear its pointed scorn, without a blush.

Yet fain wou'dst thou the crouching world be-
stride,

Just like the RHODIAN BULLY o'er the tide;
The brazen wonder of the world of yore,
That proudly stretch'd his legs from shore to shore,
And saw of Greece the loftiest navy travel,
In dread submission, underneath his navel.

So much for Pride—great, little, humble, vain;
And now for Madam SWELLENBERG again.

Whether the Nymph could ever boast a grace,
That deign'd to pay a visit to her face,
The MUSE is ignorant, she must allow;
Yet knows this truth, that not one sparkles now,
If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their
dwelling.

This Nymph, a mantuamaker, was, I ween,
And priz'd for cheapness by our saving Queen,
Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money)
Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,
And plac'd her in a most important sphere—
INSPECTRESS GENERAL of the Royal geer.

Soon

Soon as this woman heard the Loufe's tale,
At once she turn'd, like walls of plaster, pale.
But first the ham of *Westphaly* she gobbled,
And then to seek the LORD'S ANOINTED, hobbled,
HIM full of wrath, like Peleus' son of yore,
When Agamemnon took away his wh—,
In all the bitterness of wrath, she found;
The Queen and Royal children staring round.

“ O *Swelly*,” thus the madden'd Monarch
 roar'd,
Whilst wild impatience wing'd the rapid word;
For lo! the *solemn* Monarch, of graceful speech,
The KING long since had bid to kiss his b——ch.
The broken language that his mouth affords
Are heads and tails, and legs and wings, of words,
That give imagination's laughing eye
A lively picture of a giblet pye.

“ O *Swelly, Swelly*,” cry'd the furious King,
“ What! what a dirty, filthy, nasty thing!
“ That thus you come to ease my angry mind,
“ Indeed is very, very, very, very kind.

“ What's

“ What’s your opinion, hæ?” the Monarch rav’d—

“ Yes, yes, the cooks shall ev’ry one be shav’d—

“ What! what! hæ! hæ! now tell me, *Swelly*,

“ pray—

“ Shan’t I be right in’t—What! what! *Swelly*,

“ hæ?

“ Yes, yes, I’m sure on’t, by the Loufe’s looks,

“ That he belong’d to some-one of the cooks—

“ Speak, *Swelly*; shan’t we shave each filthy

“ jowl?—

“ Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my foul,”

To whom the DAME, with elevated chin,
Wide staring eyes, and broad contemptuous grin :

“ Yes, sure as dat my foul is to be sav’d,

“ So sure de dirty rascals shal be shav’d—

“ Shav’d to de quick be ev’ry moder’s son—

“ And curse me if *I* do not see it done :

“ De barbars soon der nasty locks shal fall on,

“ Nor leave one standing for a Loufe to crawl on.

“ If on der skulls de razor do not shine,

“ May gowns and petticoats no more be mine—

“ Curls,

“ Curls, clubs, and pigtails, all sal go to pot
 “ For fush curs’d nastiness, or I’ll be rot;
 “ Or else to Strelitz let me quickly fly
 “ Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouse to de eye;
 “ Where from his own mock trone de Prince so
 “ great,
 “ Can jomp into anoder Prince estate—
 “ Yes, by de God dat made dis eart and me,
 “ No single lousy rascal sal go free.”

Reader, thou raifest both thy marv’ling eyes,
 In all the staring wildness of surprise;
 As if the poet did not truth revere,
 And fanciest *gentlewomen* could not swear:
 Go, fool, and seek the ladies of the mud,
 Queens of the lakes, or damsels of the flood:
 Nymphs, Nereids, or what vulgar tongues call
 drabs,
 Who vend at Billingsgate their sprats and crabs;
 Tell them their fish all stink, and thou wilt hear
 Whether that *gentlewomen* ever swear:
 Nay, visit many of our courtly dames,
 When wrath their dove-like gentleness inflames;
Lo!

Lo! thou shalt find, by many a naughty word,
They use small ceremony with the Lord,
In spite of all that godly books contain,
That teach them not to take his name in vain.

“ Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks,” the
KING replied,

“ Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.

“ Yes, yes, if I am Master of this house;

“ Yes, yes, the locks shall fall, and then the
“ Loufe.”

He spoke—and to confirm the dreadful doom,
His head he shook, that shook the dining room.
Thus JOVE of old, the dread, the THUND’RING
GOD,

Shook, when he swore, OLYMPUS with his nod.

“ Yes, (cry’d the KING)—Yes, yes, their curls
shall quake;

“ But tell me, where, where, where’s Sir FRAN-

“ CIS DRAKE?”

O, Reader,

O, Reader, think not 'twas that **DRAKE**, Sir
FRANCIS,

Whose wondrous actions seem almost romances;
Who shone in sense profound, and bloodiest wars,
And rais'd the Nation's glory to the stars:

Who first in triumph sail'd around the world,
And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurl'd:

But **HE** who sculks around the Royal kitchen,
Which, if he catch a neighbour's dog or bitch in,
Lets fly, to strike the four-legg'd mumper dead,
A poker, or a clever, at his head.

Not *that* Sir **FRANCIS DRAKE** who, god-like,
bore

Fair Freedom, Science to th' Atlantic shore:

To Pagans gave the Gospel's saving grace,
And planted Virtue 'midst a barb'rous race;
Spread on the dark'ned realms the blaze of light—

But *he* who sees the spoons and plates are bright;

Sees that the knives before the King and Queen
Are, like the pair of Royal stomachs, *keen*:

Not *he*, whose martial frown whole kingdoms shook,
But he whose low'ring visage shakes a cook:

Not he who pour'd on Mexico his tars,

But he, at *London*, who with *linen* wars:

D

Napkins

Napkins and damask table-cloths affails
 With scissars, razors, knives, and tēeth and nails;
 Who dares with Doylies desp'rate war to wage,
 Such is his province and domestic rage,
 If, like his predecessors, he hath grace,
 And calls his conquests, *perquisites of place*—

'Twas not that DRAKE who bid his daring crew
 Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through;
 But that important DRAKE, in office big,
 Instructing cooks to spit a goose or pig:
 Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the nose,
 And prisons fill'd with Britain's graceless foes;
 But he who bids the geese, his pris'ners die,
 And stuffs their legs and gizzards in a pie:
 He who, three times a week, a green-cloth Lord,
 Sits, Wisdom-fraught, at that important board
 With wife compeers, in Judge-like order study-
 ing,

Whether the KING shall have a tart or pudding.

'Twas *this* Sir FRANCIS, quite a diff'rent man
 From him who round the world with glory ran;
 Forbid it, Heav'n! that e'er the MUSE untrue
 Should give to any man, another's due.

MUSE,

MUSE, leave we now the Monarch, vengeance
 brewing,
 To take a peep at what the cooks were doing,

In that * snug room, the scene of shrewd re-
 mark,

Whose window stares upon the faunt'ring park ;
 Where many a hungry bard, and gambling sinner,
 In chop-fall'n sadness, counts the trees for dinner;
 In that snug room where any man of spunk
 Would find it a hard matter to get † drunk ;
 Where coy Tokay ne'er feels a cook's embraces,
 Nor Port nor Claret show their rosy faces ;
 But where old Adam's beverage flows with pride,
 From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide ;
 Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl and
 fish,
 All club their joints to make one *handsome* dish :
 Where stew-pan covers serve for plates, I ween,
 And knives and forks and spoons are never seen :

* The Larder.

† This will be deemed strange by my *country* readers—but
 it is nevertheless true.

Where pepper issues from a paper bag,
 And for a crewet stands a brandy cag :
 Where Madam SWELLENBERG too often fits
 Like some old tabby in her mousing fits,
 Demurely squinting with majestic mien,
 To catch some fault to carry to the QUEEN :

In that snug room, like those immortal Greeks,
 Of whom, in book the thirteenth, OVID speaks—
 Around the table, all with fulky looks,
 Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, sat the Cooks :
 At length with phiz that show'd the man of woes,
 The sorrowing King of spits and stewpans rose ;
 Like PAUL at Athens, very justly fainted,
 And by the charming brush of Raphael painted,
 With outstretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
 He fearless thus harangues the ROASTING RACE ;
 Whilst gaping round, in mute attention sit
 The poor forlorn disciples of the spit.

“ Cooks, scullions, hear me ev'ry mother's son—

“ Know that I relish not this Royal fun :

“ GEORGE thinks us scarcely fit ('tis very clear)

“ To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear.”

“ Guts

“ Guts to a bear!” the cooks upspringing, cry’d—

“ Guts to a bear,” the Major loud replied.

“ Guts to the devil,” roar’d the cooks again,

And tofs’d their noses high in proud disdain :

The plain translation of whose pointed noses

The reader needeth not, the bard supposes :

But if the reason some dull reader looks,

’Tis this—whatever Kings may think of cooks,

Howe’er crown’d heads may deem them low-born
things ;

Cooks are possess’d of souls as well as *Kings*,

Yet are there some who think (but what a shame!)

Poor people’s souls like pence of Birmingham,

Adulterated brass—base stuff—abhorr’d—

That never can pass current with the LORD ;

And think, because of wealth they boast a store,

With ev’ry freedom they may treat the *poor* :

Witness the story that my Muse, with tears,

Relates, O Reader, to thy shrinking ears.

With feeble voice and deep desponding sighs,

With fallow cheek and pity-asking eyes,

A wretch by age and poverty decay’d,

For farthings lately to a NABOB pray’d :

The

The NABOB, turkey-like, began to swell,
 And damn'd the beggar to the pit of hell.
 " Oh! Sir," the Suppliant was heard to cry,
 (The tear of mis'ry trickling from his eye)
 " Tho' I'm in rags, and wondrous, wondrous
 " poor,
 " And *you* with gold and silver cover'd o'er,
 " There won't, in heav'n such difference take
 " place,
 " When we before the LORD come face to face.
 " *You* face to face with *me*?" the Nabob cry'd,
 In all the insolence of upstart pride:
 " *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear?
 " Damme I'll kick you, if I catch you there."
 Oh, shocking blasphemy! oh, horrid speech!
 Where was the fellow born? the wicked wretch!
 So black an imp would pull, I do suppose,
 A bulse of di'monds from a BEGUM's nose;
 Or make, like DOULAH, careless of his soul,
 A new edition of the old Black Hole.
 " What's life," the Major said, " my brethren,
 " pray,
 " If force must snatch our first delights away?
 " Relentless

- “ Relentless shall the Royal mandate drag
 “ The hairs that long have grac’d this silken bag?
 “ Hairs to a barber scarcely worth a fig,
 “ Too few to make a foretop for a wig:
 “ Must razors vile these locks so scanty shave,
 “ Locks that I wish to carry to my grave;
 “ Hairs, look my lads, so wonderfully thin—
 “ Old SWELLENBERG hath more upon her chin?”
 “ Yes, that, she hath, (exclaim’d a Cook) by
 “ G-d,
 “ A damn’d old German good-for-nothing toad.
 “ Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely bris-
 “ tles—
 “ Curse me, I’d rather kiss a bunch of thistles.
 “ Oh! were it but His Majesty’s commands
 “ To give her gentle jawbones to these hands,
 “ I’d shave her, like a punish’d soldier, *dry*—
 “ No killing fow should make a sweeter cry—
 “ I’d pay my compliments to Madam’s chin—
 “ I’ll answer for’t I’d make the devil grin—
 “ The razor most deliciously should work—
 “ I’d trim her muzzle—yes, I’d scrape her pork—
 “ I’d teach her to some purpose to behave,
 “ And show the witch the nature of a shave—
 “ Oh!

“ Oh! woman, woman! whither lean or fat,
 “ In face an *angel*, but in soul a *cat*.”

He ended—when each mouth upon the stretch,
 Crown'd with a loud horse-laugh the classic
 speech.

Too soon, alas! resentment seiz'd the hour,
 And JOKE resign'd his grin-provoking pow'r;
 RAGE dimm'd of mirth the sudden sunny sky,
 And fill'd with gloomy oaths each scowling eye:
 Whilst GRIEF returning took her turn to reign,
 Sunk every heart, and sadden'd ev'ry mien:
 Drew from their giddy heights the laughing
 graces—

For much is grief dispos'd to bring down faces.

“ Son of the spit,” the Major, strutting, cry'd,
 “ I like thy spirit, and revere thy pride:
 “ I'd rather hear thee than a Bishop preach,
 “ For thou hast made a very pretty speech.
 “ Such is the language that the gods should hear,
 “ And such should thunder on the Royal ear.

“ Yet,

“ Yet, son of dripping, tho’ thou speak’st my
 “ notions,

“ We must not be too nimble in our motions—

“ Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt ;

“ Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make good malt.

“ And yet again I bid you stand like rocks,

“ And battle for the honour of your locks.

“ Lo ! in these aged hairs is all my joy—

“ To shave them, is my *Being* to destroy.

“ What’s life, if life has not a bliss to give—

“ And if unhappy, who would wish to live ?

“ **CONTENT** can visit the poor spider’d room,

“ Pleas’d with the coarse rush mat and birchen
 “ broom ;

“ Where parents, children, feast on oaten bread,

“ With cheeks as round as apples, and as red ;

“ Where health with vigour nerves their backs
 “ and hams,

“ Sweet souls, tho’ ragged as young colts or rams ;

“ Where calmly sleep the parents with their dar-
 “ lings,

“ Tho’ nibbled by the fleas as thick as starlings ;

“ Lull’d to their rest, beneath the coarsest rugs,

“ Dead to the bitings of a thousand bugs.

“ CONTENT, mild maid ! delights in *simple*
 “ things,

“ And envies not the state of Queens or Kings :

“ Can dine on sheep’s head, or a dish of broth,

“ Without a table, or a table cloth;

“ Nor wishes with the fashionable groupe,

“ To visit HORTON’s shop for turtle soupe :

“ Can use a bit of packthread for a jack,

“ And sit upon a chair without a back :

“ Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,

“ And use a wooden skewer for a fork.

“ Sweet maid ! who thinks not shoes of leather

“ shocking,

“ Nor feels the horrors in a worsted stocking :

“ Her temper mild, no huckaback can shock,

“ Tho’ for her lovely limbs it forms a smock:

“ Pleas’d with the nat’ral curls her face that shade,

“ No graves are robb’d for hair to make a braid:

“ Her breast of native plumpness ne’er aspires

“ To swelling *merry thoughts* of gauze and wires,

“ To look like crops of ducks, (with labour born)

“ Stretch’d by a superfluity of corn.

“ With Nature’s hips, she sighs not for *cork rumps*

“ And scorns the pride of pinching stays or jumps;

“ But

- “ But pleas’d from whalebone prisons to escape,
 “ She trusts to simple nature for a shape :
 “ Without a warmingpan can go to bed—
 “ And wrap her petticoat about her head ;
 “ Nor sigh for cobweb caps of Mecklin lace,
 “ That shade of quality the varnish’d face :
 “ Sweet nymph, like doves, she seeks her straw-
 “ built nest,
 “ And in a pair of minutes is undrest ;
 “ Whilst all the *fashionable* female clans,
 “ Undressing, seem unloading caravans.
 “ No matter from what source Contentment
 “ springs ;
 “ ’Tis just the same in Cooks as ’tis in Kings ;
 “ And if our souls are set upon our hair,
 “ Let snip-snap barbers, nay, let *Kings*, beware,
 “ Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John
 “ Bulls,
 “ And clap, like fools, the edge tool to our skulls.
 “ Tread on a worm, he shows his rage and pain,
 “ By turning on the wounding toe again :
 “ Nay, ev’n *inanimates* appear to feel——
 “ On the loose *stone*, if chance direct your heel,

“ Lo! from its womb the sudden stream af-
 “ cends,
 “ To prove the foot was not among its friends;
 “ And calling in the aid of neighbour mud,
 “ O’er the fair stocking spouts the fable flood.”

So spoke the Major, with resentment fir’d—
 Spoke like a man—indeed like man *inspir’d*!
 Some critic cries, with sharp fastidious look,
 “ Bard, bard, this is not language for a cook.”—
 “ O snarler! but I’ll lay thee any wager,
 “ It is not too sublime for a *Cook Major*.”—

“ Behold! to remedy our sad condition,”
 The Major cry’d, “ I’ve cook’d up a Petition:
 “ This carries weight with it, or I’m mistaken:
 “ Shall shake the Monarch’s soul, and save our
 “ bacon—

“ Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud
 “ He read sonorous to the gaping croud.

Thus reads a parish clerk in church a brief,
 That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief—

Relief,

Relief, alas! that very rarely reaches
 The poor petitioners, the ruin'd wretches:
 But (lost its way) unfortunately steers
 To fat churchwardens and fat overseers;
 Improves each dish, augments the punch and ale,
 And adds new spirit to the smutty tale.

T H E

PETITION OF THE COOKS,

YOUR Majesty's firm friends and faithful
cooks,

Who in your Palace merry liv'd as grigs,
Have heard, with heavy hearts and down-cast
looks,

That we must all be shav'd, and put on wigs :
You, SIRE, who with such honour wear your Crown,
Should never bring on *ours* disgraces down.

Dread Sir ! we really deem our heads our own,
With ev'ry sprig of hair that on them springs—
In France, where men, like spaniels, lick the
Throne,

And count it glory to be *cuff'd* by Kings,
Their locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque*,
Who swallows privileges like a shark.

Be

Be pleas'd to pardon what we now advance—

We dare your sacred Majesty assure,
That there's a difference 'twixt *us* and *France*;

And *long*, we hope, that *diff'rence* we'll endure.

We know KING LEWIS wou'd, with pow'r so
dread,

Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head*.

Oh! tell us, Sir, in loyalty so true,

What dire designing raggamuffins said,

That we your Cooks are such a nasty crew,

Great Sir! as to have crawlers in our head?

My Leige, you can't find one through all our
house—

Not if you'd give a guinea for a louse.

What creature 'twas you found upon your plate

We know not—if a louse, it was not ours—

To shave each Cook's poor unoffending pate,

Betrays too much of arbitrary pow'rs—

The act humanity and justice shocks—

Let him who *owns* the crawler lose his locks.

But

But grant upon your plate this louse so dread;

How can you say, Sir, it belongs to us?—

Maggots are found in many a princely head;

And if a maggot, why then not a louse?

Nay, grant the fact—with horror should you
shrink?

It could not eat your Majesty, we think.

Hunger, my Liege, hath oft been felt by Kings;

As well as people of *inferior state*—

Quarrels with Cooks are therefore dangerous
things—

We cannot answer for your stomach's fate:

For by your size we frankly must declare—

You feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

My Liege, a Universe hath been your foes!

The times have look'd most miserably black—

America hath *try'd* to pull your nose—

French; Dutch, and Spaniards, *try'd* to bang
your back:

'Twould be a serious matter, we can tell ye,

Were ~~we~~ to buccaneer it on your belly.

You

You see the spirit of your Cooks then, Sire—
 Determin'd nobly to support their locks :
 And should your guards be order'd out to fire,
 Their guns may be oppos'd by spits and crocks :
 Knives, forks, and spoons, may fly, with plates a
 store,
 And all the thunder of the kitchen roar.

Nat. Gardner, Yeoman of the mouth, declares
 He'll join the standard of your injur'd cooks—
 Each scullion, turnbroche, for redress prepares,
 And puts on very formidable looks :
 Your women too—*imprimis* *Mrs. Dyer*,
 Whole eggs are good as ever felt a fire :

Next Sweeper-general *Bickley*, *Mrs. Mary*,
 With that fam'd bell-ringer call'd *Mrs. Lo-*
man—

Ann Spencer, guardian of the Necessary—
 That is to say, the necessary woman—
 All these, an't please you, Sir, so fierce deter-
 mine
 To join us in the cause of hair and vermine.

There's *Mistress Stewart*—*Mr. Richard Day*,

Who find your Sacred Majesty in linen—

Are ready to support us in our fray—

You can't conceive the passion they have been
in—

They swear so much your scheme of shaving hurts,
You shan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or shirts.

The grocers, *Clarke* and *Taylor*, curse the scheme,

And say whate'er we do, the world won't blame
us—

So *Comber* says, who gives you milk and cream—

And thus your old friend, *Mr. Lewis Ramus*,

We think your sacred Majesty would mutter

At loss of sugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

Suppose, an't please you, Sir, that *Mistress Knut-*

ton

And *Mistress Maishfield*, fierce as tyger cats;

One Overseer of all the beef and mutton,

The other Lady President of sprats—

Suppose in opposition to your wish,

This locks away the flesh, and *that* the fish?

Suppose

Suppose *John Clarke* refuse supplies of mustard,
So necessary to your beef and bacon?

Will Roberts all the apple-pie and custard,

Your Majesty would growl, or we're mistaken—

Suppose that *Wells*, a stubborn temper, studying,
Should take the plums off from the Sunday pud-
ding?

Suppose that *Rainsforth* with our corps unites?—

We mean the man who all the fallow handles—

Suppose he daring locks up all the lights—

How could your Majesty contrive for candles?

You'd be (excuse the freedom of remark)

Like *some Administrations*—in the dark,

We dare assure you that our grief is great—

And oft indeed our feelings it enrages,

To see your sacred Majesty beset

By such a graceless gang of idle pages—

And with submission to your judgment, Sire,

We think old *Madam SWELLENBERG* a liar,

Suppose, **GREAT SIR**, that by your cruel fiat,
 The barbers should attack our humble head,
 And that we should not chuse to breed a riot,
 Because we might not wish to lose our bread;
 Say, would the triumph o'er each harmless Cook
 Make **GEORGE THE THIRD** like **ALEXANDER**
 look?

Dread Sir, reflect on **JOHNNY WILKES's** fate,
 Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble—
WILKES bade defiance to your frowns and state,
 And got the better in that famous squabble:
 Poor was the victory you wish'd to win,
 That sat the mouth of **EUROPE** on the grin.

O **KING**, our wives are in the kitchen roaring,
 All ready in rebellion, ready now to rise—
 They mock our humble method of imploring,
 And bid us guard against a wig-surprise:
 “*Yours* is the hair (they cry) th’ Almighty gave
 “ ye,
 “ And not a King in Christendom should shave
 “ ye.”

Lo!

Lo! on th' event the world impatient looks,
And thinks the joke is carried much too far—
Then pray, Sir, listen to your faithful Cooks,
Nor in the Palace breed a civil war:
Loud roars our band, and obstinate as pigs,
Cry, "Locks and liberty, and damn the wigs,"

END OF CANTO II.

world impatient looks,

and carried much too far—

o your faithful Cooks,

and a civil war

and as big as

and damn the wage



TO H. J.

Lo! on th' event the world
And thinks the joke is car
Then pray, Sir, listen to yo
Now in the Palace
Long toasts our
City "Locks and



END OF CARD